Sleepless in Texas

by transfixeddream

Summary

Jared has insomnia; Jensen doesn't.

Also posted here.

Notes

Written for velvetsun on account of it's her birthday!

See the end of the work for more notes.

Jensen's woken up by the churning of a full bladder. It's really his own fault because he knows better than drinking two beers before bed, but he still groans into his pillow and rolls over, trying to will the burn away. A minute later when the pressure only gets worse and he's not far from wetting the bed, Jensen gives up on hope and stumbles out of bed. He grabs his glasses and shoves them on, then heads quickly out of his bedroom, past the kitchen, the living room, until he gets to the bathroom.

He doesn't bother with the light, because anything brighter than the moon is going to kill any chance he has of getting back to sleep, and relieves himself as quickly as possible. The running water from the faucet fills his ears, sloshing against the porcelain, and he shuts it off swiftly after he manages to wet his hands, then dries them on his boxers.

It's easier to see on his way back to bed, his eyes adjusting to the dark, the moonlight streaming through a window, the glare from the TV is lighting up the hallway--
Jensen pauses a moment after he passes the archway to the living room. He's... ninety percent sure the TV was off when he went to bed. Maybe eighty-five percent, given the fact that he could've dreamt it. But, still, mostly sure. He takes a step back and looks inside, sees the outline of his roommate in the center of the light from the TV.

"Jared?" he says, taking a couple more steps until he's just in the room.

Jared quickly mutes what he's watching—not that there's much difference considering it was barely audible to begin with—and turns around in his seat. "Oh, hey, Jensen. I didn't wake you, did I?"

Jensen shakes his head. "Nah, I needed to," he waves a hand, "well, you know." Jared's been his roommate for all of three days, so he's not sure if he's the kind of guy who likes to hear about another guy's bathroom habits. Are there any guys who like to hear about that? Probably not.

"Oh." Jared nods. "I see. Cool."

"Yeah. What're you doing still up? Don't you have work tomorrow?" Jensen's asking, even as he's going over to sit on the couch, and Jared's sliding off to one side to make room.

He's not sure what's with Jared, but something about the guy makes Jensen want to talk to him for hours. (Although, to be fair, Jensen hasn't missed the fact that his roommate is hot, which admittedly makes the appeal of talking to him much, much greater.)

"Um, yeah. I do," Jared says, planting his hands firmly on his knees. He's wearing pajama bottoms now instead of the jeans Jensen last saw him in, red and looking worn from too many washes. Jared looks way better than he does, Jensen figures—he's pretty sure his hair looks like road kill right now. "I just. I don't sleep much, I guess."

Jensen covers his mouth to yawn. "Define 'much.'""}

Jared shrugs and pushes his hair out of his face. "I can sleep for a couple of hours. Four, sometimes five if I'm lucky."

Jensen blinks at him a couple of times. "So you're like, what, an insomniac?" Jared shrugs again and Jensen blinks some more. "But you're always perky. Like--like--like a dog!"

It's Jared's turn to blink. "Uh, thanks. I think," he says, corner of his lip twitching.

"And how did I not notice this?" Jensen continues.

"Well, I only moved in four days ago," says Jared, and Jensen mentally corrects himself. Four days—they've been roommates four days, not three. Cool. Awesome.

"Right," says Jensen, reaching for the remote sitting on the coffee table and undoing the mute. "So what're you watching?"

"Uh." Jared scratches at the edge of his mouth, shaped like a squashed 'O'. "What're you doing?"

Jensen shrugs, kind of lies by saying, "I'm not that tired anymore." He flashes Jared a grin—or at least the best he can do at stupid o'clock at night—then pays attention when Mariah Carrey comes on the screen. He watches for a couple of moments and then frowns, rubbing the sleep from his eye. "Dude, are you watching—Glitter?"

"Uh," Jared says, coughing into his fist. Jensen looks over and catches the blush. Or he would, if Jared's face wasn't highlighted in blue right now; he looks pretty embarrassed regardless. "There's
nothing else on."

Jensen shoots a quick look at the clock, cringes when he sees that's it's past two and he has to be up in less than five hours, and waves his hand. "Nonsense. When you get Cinemax, there's always something on at night."

Jensen takes another glance Jared, and he looks possibly more embarrassed than when Jensen guessed the movie playing. "What?"

"I," Jared starts, then flashes Jensen a tight smile. "Well, Cinemax isn't exactly... my thing."

"Oh," Jensen says, not remembering the part of the introduction where Jared mentioned he was planning on being a priest. "So you don't--you don't like porn?"

"No," Jared says, like he thinks Jensen's slow. "I, uh, I like porn fine. I just--don't like Cinemax's porn."

"Oooh."

"No," Jensen nods, because he gets it. "Yeah, the soft-core is kind of pointless. What's the point of porn if you can't even see anything, right?"

"No." And without a doubt he is blushing now. "It's not the soft-core that's the reason. More, um, of the... parts."

And, okay, now he gets it. It's not his fault he's not quick on the uptake--he's running on a couple hours of sleep, damn it. But then he's going, "Oh," after a second, because he gets it. He straightens up on the couch and wipes at the sides of his mouth. "So, uh, you're--"

"Gay," Jared says, and then nods. "Yeah. I, uh, probably should've told you that when I moved in, huh? I hope it's not gonna be a problem or any--"

"No, it's cool," Jensen says, a little too forcefully and quick to finish. Which apparently gives Jared the completely wrong idea, because now he's looking skeptical and a little nervous. "No, I mean--" Jensen sighs; he really wishes Jared had chosen a time when he was fully awake to come out. "Uh. It'd be kind of hypocritical of me, y'know? Considering I'm, well. I guess bi would be the better word, but. Yeah."

Jared visibly relaxes. "You-- Oh."

He says it in this way that makes Jensen's whole body wake up--his stomach starts tossing, his heart feels like it's beating a little faster, his lungs are taking deeper breaths of air. Says it in a way that has Jensen's mind racing at possibilities, gets his mouth stretching into this really stupid smile that probably looks even stupider given the time of night. But Jared's kind of half-smiling stupidly, too, so Jensen figures it's not too embarrassing, given everything.

"So, Glitter, huh? Gotta say, I've always thought it never got the love it deserved."

Jared snorts and shakes his head. "Yeah," he says, and then frowns a little when Jensen settles in on the couch. "Uh, you know you don't have to stay up with me, right?"

Jensen nods while Mariah's giving some kind of dramatic scene on screen. "I know," he says, and he does know; he could go back to his bed--should, considering he works tomorrow as well--but he doesn't want to, not right now. Especially not right now. He flashes Jared a small grin. "It's no big deal. Plus, if I get tired, I can use your shoulder as a pillow."
Jared smiles then, short and sweet, and then he's nodding. "Yeah," he says, face looking about as hopeful as Jensen feels. "Yeah, you can."

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The next time Jensen's woken up, it's because the alarm on his phone is ringing. Blearily, he remembers going to get it out of his bedroom, he shuts it off blindly before setting it back on the coffee table. Jared's arm clenches tight around him when he moves, and that's when Jensen remembers that he's not alone, although he's not sure how he forgot. Jared's snoring softly, lying half on Jensen's back, a weight that should probably be crushing given the guy's size, but isn't. Solid heat's radiating through him, and Jensen's already getting drowsy again.

He mentally calculates how long they've been sleeping--maybe four hours, if that, and Jared doesn't seem like he's going to budge any time soon. Somehow, he doubts this happens a lot for the guy, so his mind's made up easily. Jensen grabs his phone through another yawn, texts Tom a quick message saying he won't make it in today, then holds down the "end" button until it shuts off. He sets the phone back down, relaxes against Jared again and presses his eyes shut.

He can totally take a sick day for Jared's well-being.

Jensen's selfless like that.

End Notes

There is some awesome art that goes with this; it can be found here: http://dephigravity.livejournal.com/42768.html

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